

I'm A Viking

by Nasu The Red Wolf

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Summary: Everything was fine and dandy there at Berk, but a fire could end all of this and even send them to find a different home. How will Hiccup and Toothless cope with this new and sudden change? Toothless finds a special someone that even catches Hiccup of guard.

I'm A Viking

-WN-

As Always thank you, for reading and I hope you all enjoy this story I have added. This is a continuation after the Movie. I do not own any names in HTTYD but I do own the story in Plot, Climax, and character construction. Please do not take any of my work or I will be on your hide for life.

Please Comment if you like and if you wish to place a Critic please make it smart. Nothing like "You should use Word Office, it will correct your failures" That I will not except and ignore. I love a good critic and I will take it in honesty. So please give valuable information regarding my writing style!

-WN-

## Chapter 1

"I Hate This!" Hiccup groaned as his prosthetic slid around the hard wood floor. The padding used to add traction was gone, ripped off and currently under repair. Gobber was doing his best as fast as he could but Hiccup was already at his boiling point after two hours. Toothless clicked and gurgled in reply. "Oh right like that's going to help!" Hiccup said complaining again. "I swear this will be the death of me." Hiccup slipped and fell again landing on his back with a large Thud echoing in the house. The air in his lungs left him abruptly and he gasped at the loss. "I see I don't have to give you

the punch of the day" Astrid chuckled arms crossed; she was leaning on the frame of the front door watching Hiccup squirm to get up. Toothless walked over and nudged Astrid, who in turn gave a kiss on his head. Toothless seemed to blush, gurgling, and walking away behind Hiccup. "You mind? The gods hate me, why you may ask. I have no Idea!" Hiccup was negative all the way; his tone surprised Astrid leaving her to wonder. "What's wrong Hiccup?" She said helping him to his feet. With a sigh and after patting down his leggings he answered disappointedly. "Dad's gone to the other side of the land, said something about a problem that had to be fixed immediately." "When did he go?" Astrid asked sitting him down on a wood bench to talk easily without his foot getting in the way. Toothless crouched at the end and watched them both with wide eyes like a dark pool of water. "A day ago. That's not why I'm mad though." "Then why are you mad, your father is the leader, how can you be mad? You have the best dragon in the world!" "And yet he does not think to ask me to come." Hiccup said depressed, his head down low. "That's it?" Astrid asked lifting his chin up. "He never asks, I do something he can be proud of and he forgets about me. He leaves me behind." Hiccup pounded his fist on the large table. "He has always wanted me to become a Viking but he never takes the steps. He is just a fraud." Astrid sat waiting for him to calm down; she did not want any darts to be thrown her way. Hiccup was in a fragile state, after losing his leg everyone looked up to him, but the people also treated him as if he could not hold his own. This affected him in ways only Astrid could see.

"Your fathers not a fraud, have you ever thought of why he left alone?" "No and I don't need to he-" Hiccup's face was splattered by the hard hand of Astrid, a large slapping ring echoed. Toothless ducked his head down, whimpering. He knew Astrid had more effect over Hiccup than he, but this was a little harsh. Hiccup sputtered shocked and confused. "Have you ever thought he could be there to protect you? Have you ever thought he didn't want to ask because he was worried about your safety?" The moment seemed to last a long time but the silence was finally broken with the shaking voice of Hiccup. "No! I never thought of that." Astrid looked at Hiccup with love, he was far worse in the pit than she had thought. He was really down this time, and she was afraid she would not be able to take him back to reality. She had to try however. Leaning in she kissed him on the head. "We have to let it be, he loves you and that's what matters." "He still does not treat me like a true Viking yet." Astrid sighed. "I have to agree, he really has to work on that."

Hiccup was constantly busy with teaching the younger groups of kids how to firmly grasp the saddles that were given to them to ride dragons. It was an easy task, but as it, turns out many had little to no dragon riding muscles. "Squeeze harder!" Hiccup yelled up as a young thirteen year old hard headed teen flew by on a Zipplback "I am" He squealed at the top of his lungs, his pre puberty obviously announcing itself to the world. "Doesn't look that way to me" The teen was practically riding on the side of the dragon, his leg now dangling freely and the other wrapped in the straps, it was only seconds before the first snapped and he fell. Tiles shattered as the child slammed into the roof of a house and rolled off screaming at the top of his lungs. Hiccup could not help but laugh at him as a large Viking came out in pink dotted boxers screaming at the child chastising his clumsiness. Hiccup overheard the last of what he was saying. "Oie and that screaming and hollering ye doing about. I can give ye something to holler about!" The Viking grabbed the boy dragging him by the pants throwing him into the street. Toothless who

had been following Hiccup was now curled into a ball cackling holding himself. "It's not funny." "Next time, hold on" The boy grunted.

"Stoick, he is back!" "By the Gods, what news!" most of the village seemed to gather spurring tales and different questions. Hiccup was barely able to get around but with Toothless and the fact of his fake leg, the passing was easy. Hiccup reached his father who was headed directly to him. His face was black from what looked like ash and dirt. "Pack your bags Hiccup, we are leaving" Stoick said whispering to Hiccup. He then passed Hiccup and headed to the house. Hiccup was confused, not knowing exactly what to do or why his father had said to pack his bags. Where they going on a trip? The thoughts and questions swarmed Hiccups head. Whatever it was, that dirt on his face was blacker than normal. Almost like, they were at a fire. Or fighting a fire. Hiccups mind spurred at this, which would explain the strange burnt smell coming from his cloths. Not including the burnt clothing, hardly seeable for those tall Vikings, but Hiccup was not a tall Viking. Something was wrong though, they had traveled to the far corners of the island. Unless they fell in the fire they could have made, what else could have done this. The thoughts stewed in his head the whole way traveling to the house. He stuffed his clothing and tools into a bag. His thoughts were of what his father said, and where exactly they could be going.

End  
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